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The Death of Mr Person



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Chapter 1 by Frank Diesel

It was a gloomy Friday night, and Luke Person was in the cemetery, alone. He was looking for something, something important. Crack. His shovel smacked the ice cold ground. He found it. in the six foot deep hole, was Luke's his grandmother. He was in and out in a heartbeat. After all, all he needed... was her necklace. Little did Luke know, was that this small piece of jewelry, held his life.

Chapter 2 by Gabbathehutt



HI AUSTIN

Chapter 3 by intellikat



HI DOOFUS

Chapter 4 by Gabbathehutt



Those were the voices in his head as he walked aimlessly across the graveyard. He noticed right away that the emerald was glowing. Every time he touched it it would say "HI AUSTIN." He didn't even know who Austin was, so every time he heard the emerald talk he would say back

"HI DOOFUS." He knew that the emerald was alive with some kind of power source. Then he heard a popping like noise coming from the center of the cemetery. He looked around to see that his Grandma was alive. Grandma? Luke said shivering "How are you alive?" "I didn't ain't ever die", she said. Luke said "You're my Grandma again?" Luke was scared out of his mind. He turned around and ran but too late. His Grandma was standing

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in the way of the cemetery gates. WHACK! A pole came down hard on his head. He watched as the world turned dark.

Chapter 5 by Hayley



He awakened with a dual sense of familiarity and confusion. He didn't recognize the pine paneled walls, or the scratchy wool bedsheets beneath him, but his stomach rumbled in anticipation at the smell wafting beneath the door. Bacon sizzling in the cast iron pan, cornbread baking in the oven, this could only be his grandmother's cooking. He left the strange bed and found her in the kitchen stirring a pot of collard greens, the emerald necklace glowing at her throat.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"At your Granddaddy's old huntin' cabin," she said. "Built this thing with his own two hands. Never did hunt much, more of a drinkin' cabin if you ask me."

He peeled back the plaid curtain and saw nothing but trees.

"Yes, but where are we?" he said.

"Austin, Texas," she said.

"HI AUSTIN," said the necklace.

Chapter 6 by jeffyb



There was a large bump on my head where I was hit. How did I get this? Who the hell hit me?

"Austin? I didn't know granddaddy had a place out here." I inquired.

"Well, it's not really Austin. We're 'bout 20 miles out in Garfield. There ain't shit out here." she replied.

That was strange. I knew my grandmother was a rough woman, but never in my life have I ever heard her curse. I knew something was off.

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Chapter 7 by hayleyxxx



"I'm going to go check out this bump on my head, make sure it's not bleeding." I said, making my way towards the bathroom. Something felt peculiar, I've never heard my grandmother curse before. And the question still remains, how in the hell is she even alive? I was at her funeral 6 years ago.. I watched them put her in the coffin and bury her.

Entering the bathroom, I immediately noticed a window going outside. Time to do what I've seen on every TV show growing up, and leave out the window in the bathroom. Sorry Grandma, things just don't seem right here. And I want some crack, pronto. I turned on the faucet for some noise coverage and shimmied the window open as quietly as possible. I could hear her taking the bacon off the skillet, so at least she wasn't listening in on me.

I climbed out the window and looked around. There was literally trees in every direction, shit.. This may take a while. I decided to not waste any time and just started running, any direction seemed fine as long as I was getting away from zombie-Grandma, or whatever she was.

When I could no longer see the cabin, I decided to slow down, maybe get a bearing on where I am. It was really foggy, and all I could see was trees, trees and more trees.

"HI AUSTIN," I heard, faintly, but distinctly. I turned around. Where did that come from?

"HI AUSTIN." I heard it again. Am I going crazy? Maybe some fear-induced auditory hallucination?? "HI AUSTIN." It's getting closer.

"HI AUSTIN." I started sprinting, I don't know where it's coming from but I don't care I just need to get away. "HI AUSTIN." STOP IT, I CAN'T TAKE THIS! "HI AUSTIN."

Then I saw it. In the distance, the fog was just ever so slightly illuminated a bright green. The emerald necklace glowing in the night..

I was almost paralyzed with fear.

Chapter 8 by heureux-xx



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...

"Aren't you afraid, Grandma?" I asked, holding back that lump-in-the-throat feeling.

"Of course not, Luke. I've made peace with my fate. I've lived a good life, and although you're only 14 now, I can see it. I can tell your future will be bright. Just remember, we must travel in the direction of our fear. I'm not afraid, and you shouldn't be either.." And with that last sentence, she smiled, and I watched the glimmer fade from her eyes. Her face softened. She was gone.

...

How had so much changed in the 6 years since that happened? Where did I go wrong? Somewhere along the way something happened that changed the course of my life dramatically... With that thought, I breathed deeply, and walked towards the emerald glow, into the fog. Into the unknown.

As I approached, inching closer and closer to the source of this green light, I could feel the fear building inside of me. Maybe this was a sign that I was doing the right thing. Then again, maybe this was my body's way of telling me TO RUN AWAY AS FAST AS YOU CAN! Either way, it was too late. Not 3 feet in front of me, there she was, just standing there, not moving. Fog surrounded us on all sides.

"What do you want from me?" I asked, voice shaking.

Grandma-Zombie-Thing just smiled, and didn't say a word.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?" I asked again, this time more forceful.

"What are you afraid of?" G-Z-T asked.

"What.. What do you mean?" I didn't expect that.. I half expected it to like, reach out and pull my

beating heart out of my chest or some other typical thing that happens to people in horror films.

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that came out was the word, "Living."

I was shocked. I guess I didn't realize I had gotten so bad until now, and I don't know if I can turn things around this time.. The emerald necklace started to glow, really bright. Blindingly bright. I couldn't see, and it was emitting this high-pitched, deafening tone. What was going on???

Suddenly, I awoke in my childhood bed. Things seemed different. What happened in the forest? Why am I in my parents house?

"Breakfast is ready!" I hear my Mother call out from downstairs. As I head downstairs I pass by a mirror on the wall... I was 14 again.

I don't really understand what happened. But I decided not to question it. Maybe the emerald necklace gave me a second chance at life. Still though, one thing ate away at me.. It was perhaps the most perplexing question of this entire ordeal.. Who the fk was Austin?

the end

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